

Sir James the Rose's

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GARLAND,

Composed of three delightful

New Songs.

- I. Sir James the Rose.
- II. The Broom of Cowdenknows.
- III. The flashy Girls.



Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.

Sir James the Rose's GARLAND.

Sir James the Rose.

D ID you hear of Sir James the Rose,
That young Heir of Belichan,
He has kill'd a gallant Squire,
Who was sent out to take him.

He's gone to the house of Marr,
Where the Nurse she was his Layman,
To see his Dear he did repair,
Thinking she would befriend him.

Where are you going, Sir James, she says,
Or where are you a riding.
I am going to some land,
For I am under Hiding.

Where must I go, where shall I turn,
Where shall I run to hide me
For I have kill'd a gallant Esquire,
And my friends are out to take me.

Go you down to yon Ale-house,
There you'll stay till the Dawning.
And if I be a Woman true,
I'll come and pay your Lawing.

I'll not go to yon Ale-house,
To stay unto the Dawning,
Now if you be a Woman true,
To come and pay the Lawing.

He's turn'd himself quite round about,
And row'd him in his Brichan,
And he is gone to take asleep,
In the Lowlands of Belichan.

He was not quite out of Sight,
Till four and twenty Belter'd Knights,
Came riding ore Beligham.

Oh! did you see Sir James the Rose,
That young Heir of Belichan,
He has kill'd a gallant Esquire,
Who was sent out to take him.

Oh! yes I see'd Sir James the Rose,
He pass'd by here on Monday,
His Steed was swift that he rid on,
And past the Gates of London.

Just as they were going away,
They thought no more upon him,
Oh! if you want Sir James the Rose,
I'll tell you where you'll find him.

You'll seek the Bank above the Mill,
And the Lowlands of Belichan,
There you'll find Sir James the Rose,
Lying sleeping in his Brichtan.

They sought the Bank above the Mill,
And Lowlands of Belichan,
And there they found Sir James the Rose,
Lying sleeping in his Brichtan.

You must not wake him from his sleep,
Nor yet must affright him,
But in his Breast must run a Dart,
And thro' the Body pierce him.

Then up bespoke Sir James the Graham,
Who had the charge in keeping,
Let it ne'er be said, dear Gentleman,
We kill'd a Man a Sleeping.

They have taken from him his Sword and Farget,
And closely him surrounded,
But when he waken'd out of Sleep,
His Senses was confounded.

Pardon, pardon, Gentlemen,
And now have mercy on me,
Which as you give such you shall have
And so shall fall upon you.

Donald my Man wait me upon,
Until I be a dead Man;
You'll get my Hose likewise my Shoes,
Likewise my Highland Bricchan.

You shall have my watch and diamond Ring,
If you'll carry me to Loughriga,
Now they have tane out his bleeding Heart,
And fetched it on a Spear man.

And locked it to the Marry
A present to his Dear;
But when she saw his bleeding heart,
She ran like one distracted.

She wrung her hands and tore her Breast,
Oh! what have I done, what have I acted;
Curst be the Day I you betray'd,
Thou brave Knight of Bricchan,

Up she rose and forth she goes,
And in that fatal Hour,
Her Body by was borne away,
And never was heard tell of.



The Broom of Cowdenknows,
(New Way)

When summer comes the swains on Tweed,
Sing their successful love;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And musick fills the groves;

broom

But my love song, is then the broom,
 So fair on Cowdenknows;
 For sure so soft, so sweet a broom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom, on Cowdenknows,
 For sure so soft so sweet a broom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.*

There Colin run'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding hearts;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art;
 He sung of Tay, of Forth and Clyde,
 The hills and Dales around;
 Of Leader haughs and Leader side,
 Oh! how I blest the sound.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom, &c.
 Yet more delightful is the Broom,
 So fair on Cowdenknows;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a Bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not Tiviot braes so green and gay,
 May with its broom compare,
 Nor Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair;

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom, &c.
 More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
 My peaceful happy home:
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At ease among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and groves,
 When Tweed with Tiviot flows;
 Convey me to the best of swains;
 And my loved Cowdenknows.

*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom on Cowdenknows,
 For sure so safe, so sweet a broom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.*



The flashy—Girls

GOOD people all I pray attend,
 And listen to my diry,
 Concerning all those doughty girls,
 Who go so neat and pretty;
 And as they walk along the streets
 They fill men's hearts with anguish,
 They are so dainty in their taste,
 Poor lads may lay and languish.
*So be as proud, young men I pray,
 Take warning by these Verses;
 And carry your heads as high,
 As these flashy—lasses—*

They dress themselves like ladies fine,
 They toss their heads so high, Sir,
 You would think the devils on their heads
 As you do pass them by, Sir,
 With wire caps and high round hats
 And puddings in their hair O.

With

With ruffled cuffs and white stockings,
Quite right I do declare O.

So be as proud, young men, &c.

Poor men they have no chance to speak;

Nor yet come nigh those misses;

They wonder at your impudence,

Pray go about your business,

I cannot stay, let go my hand,

I must and will be gone, Sir,

And if you do a sweetheart want,

You may get her where you can, Sir,

So be as proud, young men I pray, &c.

Their pride is grown to such a pitch,

It does them hinder much, Sir;

They will not wed a common man,

Their haughtiness is such, Sir.

The rich they will not look on them,

They walk the streets in pairs, Sir;

But at last they will all get wed,

Rather than die old maids, Sir.

So be as proud, young men I pray, &c.

Some sooner and some later,

Their folly they will rue, Sir,

When worldly cares come on their heads,

It will make them curse their fate, Sir,

When

When poverty begins to pinch,
 And they are put unto it,
 For money they will have some way,
 If their ruin will but do it.

So be as proud, young men I pray, &c.

Now to conclude and make an end,
 Of those few silly verses,
 Concerning these detested girls,
 And the flashy flourishing lasses,
 Give me a smiling bowl of punch
 And a friend or two that is civil,
 And then these flashy ugly—girls,
 May all run to the d—.

So be as proud, young men I pray, &c.

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